

Gleanings



By

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At

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GLEANINGS

A Collection of Poems By

Margaret Vance Rody

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Gleanings that come from life's lessons,
Some From the Mountain Top,
Some from the heart so despairing,
Some from the Lowly Cot.

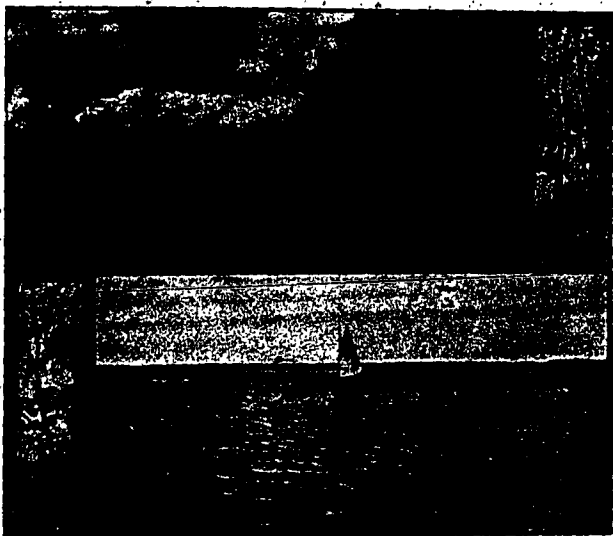
Some from the bloom of the prairie,
Some from the rippling wave,
Some from the beautiful sunset,
Some from the silent grave.

Some from the Glorious Rainbow,
Some from the racing cloud,
Some from the sunlight and shadow,
From broken hearts and bow'd.

And Faith in the Great God's Goodness,
Hope in the times to come,
Clarity still in the distance
Waiting the Harp's sweet strum.



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LAKE MADGE, SASK.

A Lake Madge Reberic

I stood on the pier at sunset
And watched the sunlight fade,
The lengthening of the shadows
That linger in the glade.
I saw the beautiful sunset—
Amethyst, blue and gold,
While roseate tints o'er the surface
Of rippling waters rolled.

Then out of the deep'ning shadows
The Loon's discordant cry,
Disturbed by fancied marauder,
The voice low pitched, then high,
Mid leafage along the border
That overhangs the lake,
Sweet shelter for tiny nestlings,
Tho' never a toll they take.

And thoughts of the God so Mighty
As I wander 'long the shore,
And I wonder at the glories
That stand at the open door,
And the great highway stands open,
I bend a list'ning ear
To list to the simple worship
Nature is holding here.

A stillness born of the evening
As shadows fall and creep.
And the lapping of the waters
That must their boundary keep.
As the veil of night is falling
I linger 'neath the trees,
Sweet breath of the woods inhaling,
As nectar by honey bees.

Message Of The Pansy

I knelt and I plucked a beautiful flow'r
That had bent its head to a passing shower—
Soft blues and purple and gold.

I marvel'd at blendings of color, fair;
For the tall dark weeds almost hid it there,
My brave little pansy bold.

I gazed in its soft little heart of gold
And a story sweet it seemed unfold—
A message for me, for you.

Dear little pansy that dwelt among weeds,
He who is mighty has looked to your needs,
And clothed you with midnight hue.

It seemed to say, "They are taller than I,
Still lift my head to the beautiful sky;
For the same sun shines for all."

So out of the Gardens kind thoughts can spring
To the New Jerusalem, hearts will sing,
And the weeds shall hear the call.

God's Covenant

The storm had broke', and fury rent
And lashed the trees that rudely bent
To such diversity;
And far above the storm clouds whirled
Like fury loosed, and Dipped and Swirled
Like a Tempestuous Sea.

The wild storm clouds, the lightning's flash,
The awful peal of thunder crash—
And in submissive mood
We wait until the storm has pass'd;
And watch the last cloud scurry past,
And wonder if 'twas good.

Then, lo, the rainbow comes in view
Its wondrous colors seeping thru
A cloud of angry mien.
'Twas love that set the rainbow there
Reminding of a Father's care—
His watchful eye, and keen.

And, in the west, the sunset's glow
Gilt-edged the clouds that hung below
And vied with rainbow hue.
The beauty of the changing scene
Thy master hand in all is seen,
And mind and soul imbue.

And dreaming, watch the colors fade,
As tho' a curtain deftly made
Was drawn across the sky.
I think God meant that all should see
His Covenant in its Majesty,
And worship Him on high.

And then a Peace falls o'er the land
As tho' a soft and soothing hand
Commanded: "Peace be Still."
And troubled waters all grow calm
As though 'twere spread with soothing balm,
Submissive to His will.

Your Mother's Love

O Mother's Boy, where e'er you be
You'll not forget her pray'r,
'Twill follow you where e'er you go
And seeks the Father's care,
But may hap you have made her bow
Her head in needless pain,
The pray'r you learned at Mother's knee
Cair bring you back again.
The golden hours of childhood days
The hours at Mother's knee
The love she bore was Mother's love
No purer love can be.
The love that tells of sacrifice,
The love that holds through pain,
O Mother's Boy, she prays for you
Nor let her pray in vain.
Her hopes were once all built on you,
Don't crush them to the ground,
There is no grief like Mother's grief,
And heart aches shape the mound;
And underneath the four straight walls,
So oft a resting place
When Mother's gone, how memory,
Transfigures her dear face.
'Twas her who soothed your childish grief,
'Twas her who soothed the pain,
If you forget the love she bore
'Twill grieve her heart again;
For when her grave is growing green,
The sun beams o'er her mound,
You'll may hap wish your love for her
Had spanned the whole world round.
No matter if it's prison walls
No matter what the chain,
A Mother's love, can span the bridge,
Can seek her boy again;
Don't wait until the clods of earth
Hold her in chilly clasp,
How sweet the words would sound to her,
I'm coming home at last.

My Sister's Keeper

(Written in defence of a girl-mother who was sentenced to fifteen years in jail for throwing her baby out of the train window)

Tho' strength be pitted 'gainst the weak
To deal a crushing blow
No hand be raised, no comfort giv'n
But God above doth know.
And when in moments of despair
The heart cries out to God
"How long, O God," we pray "how long
Are we beneath the rod."

Tho' man would bend us to his will
He'd subjugate us all;
Good Will to Man means Woman, too,
And man should heed the call
Injustice dealt to womankind,
A manly soul to please,
She'll one day rise from 'neath the load,
And "Righteousness" be keys.

And who is he that walks the streets
As free as man can be,
Is guilt not stamped upon his brow,
He shared iniquity.
The "Go and sin no more" command
Was not for her alone,
And Man, made in God's image here,
It's time that you atone.

Tho' waters turbulent received
And opened wide the Door,
Tho' life he scarr'd shall Justice stand
Unmindful what she bore?
God knows the weary, weary hours,
Ere driven mad with pain—
Till like a maniac she plann'd
To kill the babe of shame.

For mayhap with his flattery words
And honey'd tongue she fell,
But not alone, No, not alone;
And surely he can tell.

O, mothers, save your girls from this;
And better far a den
Of Lions' face, than virtue lost
And be condemned by men.

A helpless barque tossed on Life's Sea,
By cutting winds and storms;
No hope, no refuge, she could see
And darkness came with morn,
The clanging doors of prison walls,
Thy sisters keeper be,
Condemned by man, by man's own sin,
And JUSTICE holds the key.

She faces weary years and hours
Behind the prison wall;
When at God's judgement bar we stand,
Must women bear it all?
Tho' woman's lot it must be borne
Until that Day shall Dawn
When Righteousness shall fill the earth
We pray, Thy Kingdom Come.

My Lodge

This is my Lodge, the whole big world
The beautiful sky above,
The green robed trees, their leaves unfurled
Are witness that God IS LOVE.

This is my Lodge, where Flowers bloom
Whose fragrance is giv'n of God,
Breath of flowers, a Heavenly boon
Like a glimpse, where Angels trod.

This is my lodge, where waving trees
Are clad in the simplest green;
Nod and sway to each passing breeze,
My animate, living screen.

My Lodge, you see, is anywhere,
Where children of men may roam,
The lowly cot, by Lakelet fair,
Or out on the briny foam.

Grey Eyes and Blue

Sweet eyes of blue has my lassie fair
Dear eyes of grey my laddie;
Of lights that gleam in those eyes of grey
Remind me of his Daddy.

Dear Eyes that speak of Violet's hue—
So tender and kind and true;
But days, I know they will surely come,
When I'll long for eyes of blue.

Dear eyes of grey have sparkle too
Unusual in a laddie;
My will they bend, like a broken reed
I think so like his Daddy.

Oh! a blithesome, blithesome laddie he
So rollicksome, gay and free.
But days will come when I'll never hear
Him playing about my knee.

Dear eyes of grey and sweet eyes of blue
Let's be happy while we may
Our rocker and book and fireside nook
While the fire light shadows play.
We'll hie away to Lullaby Land
With never a jolt or jar
Moon beams and Shadows leaving behind
Aboard the sleepy land car.

Sleeping so sweetly grey eyes and blue
In each tiny cot so pure
Dear eyes of grey is all cuddled down,
Sweet bundles of love, I'm sure.
Two tiny cots will stand side by side
Painted on Memory's page
Never grow dim tho' birds have flown,
Empty and lone the cage.

Back we will travel, Memory and I
To fireside nook and cots,
Visions I see of dear long ago—
And two little white robed tots.
O, how I'll long for the days gone by,
For grey eyes and blue eyes fair,
Patter of feet in the silent hall—
But echos alone, are there.

To The Glorious Dead

The Dove of Peace now reigns supreme,
Your sleep can sweeter be;
You gave your all—but not in vain—
'Twas for our liberty.
No sacrifice could greater be,
They gave their all for you and me;
The gallant Dead are sleeping; there;
They felt that you and I might share
The Union Jack for aye.

Ye gallant dead on Flander's Fields,
Your wishes are fulfilled,
We kept the faith, held high, the "Torch"
Your dying hands, now stilled
Had borne o'er fields where Poppies bloom.
Where blood was shed, where deepest gloom,
Where death and sacrifice held sway;
There with God's help you won the day,
And Union Jack, for aye.

And Their Reply

O You, who dwell in mansions grand,
Can you forget so soon?
Be up and doing, though it's late,
Can't hear the cannon boom?
Can you forget that some who died
Left dear ones there—who will provide?
The wolves are howling at their door.
Hold high the "Torch" for our heart's core.
We gave for Liberty.

Hold high the "Torch" for we who sleep
Where Blood red Poppies grow
Can never rest unless you keep
And shield from every blow.
Forget not, that we left our Home,
In foreign lands afar to roam.
We braved the Horrors of the Hun,
Their liquid fire and gas. 'Twas done
For Home and Liberty.

Holy Santa's Queen Of The Fairies Brought A Letter From The Frozen North

One day while feathery flakes fell fast
A wild wind blew a terrific blast;
Quite terror stricken I rushed outside.
In the house I dare not abide.
Now just imagine my great surprise—
No wild winds blew from the sunlit skies,
All was as calm as a summer day;
Snow-flakes mingled with the sun's bright ray.

A sweet voice said, "I have come to you
From the frozen North and Santa too."

I turned to see whence the sweet voice came;

'Twas Santa's Fairy of world wide fame.

Queen of the Fairies, indeed 'twas she.

"You truly are blessed" said she to me.

"For few are favoured as you, today

By letters from Santa brought this way."

I gazed at her in her filmy white,

Her wand, her crown and her face so bright;

I own, to me 'twas a great surprise

And the mischief gleamed in the Fairy's eyes.

"Queen of the Fairies still favor me.

Come rest you while I this letter see."

I begged her come where the bright fire glowed,

Gave her my thanks for honors bestowed.

And pray do tell me your travels here;

Didst come away with never a fear?

"Being a Fairy from Santa Claus Land,

Misfortune fears the touch of my hand."

She held up her wand that gleamed so bright.

A little star plucked from the shades of night,

Sputtered and gleamed in its setting fair.

And Fairy smiled at my needless care.

"You know, each Fairy in Santa's Land,

Each have a star in their Fairy Wand."

"This is an honor the stars all crave,

Sometimes the brightest of stars grow grave."

"Stars have a mission, sometimes quite small.

Such honors, you know, can't come to all."
I asked, was she lonely, Fairy smiled.
"Our mission is love, pure undefiled."

Then the Fairy told me how she came,
How the snowflakes scattered in her name.
"And none heard the wild winds' blast but you,
'Twas Old Santa's plan, you see HE knew."
"I left the Palace at break of day,
The Ice King whistled and danced so gay."
"In Santa's Land, there, the Ice King dwells,
The Land of Fairies and mystic spells."

"His artists busy with frosted pen,
Frosting alike both mountain and glen.
Pictures artistic on windows draw;
Their work is superb, you'll find no flaw."
"Strange little elfs, those artist men,
No crack or crevice too small for them."
"One little star, quite forgot to sleep,
And I bade him shine, till night shades creep."

"Till night, shades creep, o'er land and sea,
He'll hide him then, so ashamed he'll be."
"And I met an angel on my way,
Bearing a baby to realms of day."
"Away from the world of grief and sin,
To the land where angels enter in."
"She cuddled the darling to her breast,
As mother would in the dear home nest."

Teardrops glistened in the Fairy's eye.
Do you think she heard the mother sigh?
"Then I met a snow bird on my way,
Ho! Ho! said he 'tis a merry day.
Surely the Kamsack Kiddies will smile,
For Santa's Fairy can time beguile."
(I knew she could, for I quite forgot
To read the letter, nor pardon sought,

"Till she had gone mid a snowflake shower,
Quite beyond reach of speech or power.)

"They'll be delighted I know to hear
That Santa's Fairy was really near."

"Birdie passed on with a dainty bow,"
I gasped, "Good Fairy, please tell me how?"

Who kindly informed that little bird?"
Fairy reasoned: "His tiny ears heard."

"Then I raised my wand, the wild wind blew.
Tho' never a soul heard it but you."
Then she softly said, "I must away.
Snowflakes are hidden by me today."
She said as she pressed my hand, "Farewell,
The Kamsack Kiddies, I know you'll tell."
'Midst a cloud of snowflakes, up she soared;
I locked the doors, the blinds I lowered.

This is the way Santa's letter came,
Brought by a Fairy of world wide fame.
Some other day, for the fires burn low,
I'll read his letter while wild winds blow.
Then I'll take my pen and tell you all,
For soon I know he'll give you a call.

◆ Remembrance

Because kind friends you passed this way,
And spoke the Cheery word;
Somehow we feel the Angels' song
Whose silvery peal far ages long.
Their echo you have heard!

Of Peace on Earth, Good will to man,
Sweet song, of Heav'nly Choir,
And mother love and smiling babe,
Help form the links that God has made
To bid and lead us higher.

Near Bethlehem, where shepherds watched,
His sacred feet once trod.
No mansion for the Christ child there,
But lov'ing wings and Angels' care,
Their Stewardship of God.

And so we thank you for the words
The kindly word so given,
And may, their echo, through the year
Fall softly on your listening ear
As falls the Dew from Heav'n.

To Wilhelmina Stitch

Dear Wilhelmina Stitch, we've read
Of how the papers all have said
That you, have met success to-day
Across the Pond so far away.
And so we've taken up our pen
To let you know we're glad, and then
To ask you why you went away,
For Canada's the place to stay;
But O, we're glad the Motherland
Has used our gifted Lady grand.

Her doors swing wide to witty pen,
They lift the prejudice, and then
They find Grey Matter in the head
Of weaker sex:—But 'nough is said.
But still we hope we'll often read
Of Wilhelmina Stitch's speed,
How once you dwelt in Winnipeg
And O! We used to beg and beg,
For just a chance to read your verse
So snappy, forcible, and terse.

"Dear Wilhelmina, if I call
Some day before the coming Fall,
A pleasant afternoon to spend
No social call, but friend with friend
I wonder if you'd introduce
Me to success so neat and spruce.
I do not want to move away
But still in Canada to stay,
For Canada's my native land,
The Family Tree, on which I stand.
I'd like to know, Dear Friend, the knack,
How switch success, within my track?
The daily task may one day win,
At least 'twill help keep fit and trim.
Dear Wilhelmina Stitch I greet,
I simply cannot wait to meet,
And so, Dear Lady, may success
E're haunt your way, and one day bless.
For O! Your witty words we miss,
But Cheerio! For you 'tis bliss".

To Canadian Hamlet

(Written in her defence.)

Creation's Lords are free from blame,
And women bear it all.

Come down from that pedestal man
Or awful be the fall!

It's man's own sin that you condemn;
You deal to her alone;
And womanhood can rise and say
That we're not made of stone.

Experience we hope will teach
The maiden we discuss.

Creation's Lords, for their own sin
Can make an awful fuss.

There's always two for a bargain:
'Twould never be complete
Without the one or the other:
This maxim's old and sweet.

The kiss was never completed.
The wilful one said NO!

Her price is one above rubies,
And you don't seem to know.

And the lover's barque you've boarded,
I fear you'll sail alone;

You'll find the treasure you have missed,
Adorns another home.

She carried on like a hero
All through the merry dance;
Her heart was seething with anger

A man had taken a chance,
And wrong is added to insult

When you in your Lordly way
Condemn when you don't know nature,
But live and learn some day.

Basest and lowest of cowards
He who advantage takes;

It broadens or warps the vision
And either mars or makes.

Then raise the standard higher
And to yourself be true;
If our men but had more honor
Breaking hearts would be few;

O, think of her wounded feelings,
Think of her wounded pride;
You stand and prate about honor,
But what of the other side?
Of only yourself you're thinking,
No thought for "her" alone,
On a woman's heart you're trampling,
And one you've loved and known.

Like a lovely flower that's blooming,
Out on the desert wild,
And the Maker gave it fragrance,
Til by a man defiled.
And there it lies bent and broken,
Crushed by a ruthless heel.
Love, deep as the sands of desert
Can only raise and heal.

Fragments

Let us gather up the fragments
Left to us from yesterday,
Carry on tho' fierce the battle,
Step by step, we see the way,
Dark the cloud, but bright the lining,
Could our eyes but pierce the veil,
Trials sent, but test the patience;
Conquer, lead and never fail.

Let us gather up the fragments,
Treasured, yes of days gone by,
Scraps we find, but nothing matters,
If we seek our help on High.
Some day we must go and leave them,
All the treasures of the past,
And in leaving, look behind us,
They were nothing at the last.

Memories Of Childhood

On the dear old Thessalon,
In a bark canoe,
Floating down the river,
Room for more than two,
Whippoorwills are singing,
Music fills the air,
Floating down the river,
With no thought of care.

Thessalon band is playing,
Old Kentucky Home,
From thee, now old Thessalon,
Far away I roam,
Still in Childhood's memories,
Fishing at the brink,
Catching little minnows,
In the soft clay sink.

Digging up the clam shells,
Hunting crablets there,
By another crablet
Taken unaware,
Still do I remember
Of an awful fright;
Barefoot I stood fishing,
I had got a bite.

With a heave I landed
My big fish on shore,
May have been two minutes
When I reached our door.
Had it been a monster
From far Afric's wild,
Surely 'twould not frighten
More this fisher child.

Breathlessly I told them
Of the awful thing,
Ever seen a cat fish?
'Tis of one I sing.
Still I see its whiskers,
Ugly head and all,
Running scared and breathless,
Bitter was the fall.

Uncle very kindly,
To the river came,
Soothed my childish trouble,
Tho' I was to blame.
Had no business fishing
On the river brink,
Catching ugly fishes,
Scaring out my think.
Running logs and racing,
See who'd beat across,
Never thought of danger,
Forbidden pleasure, 'twas.
Round your banks dear Thessalon,
Childhood's memories cling.
O! the many changes
Time and tide can bring.

If You Could Know

Dear Heart if you could know the why
If you could know the fears.
If you could know the heartaches here
That followed with the years.
If you could know the weary hours,
Or even guess the tears.
If you could know, O, vain the wish
Scarce spoken, disappears.
If you could know the bitter grief,
How cruel the world can be,
To those without the worldly goods
That every eye can see.
Yet courage born of Hope can face
A world of grief and woe,
And strength of desperation born,
Till beaten lies the foe.
If you could know the all Dear Heart,
The struggle to be brave;
The Hope that kept the standard high,
The torture of a knave.
If you could know the dreams that come,
The might have been and all.
If you could know—my heart be still—
You're far beyond recall.

To The Pioneer Campers Of Lake Madge.

They had pitched their tent 'neath the whispering pine,

They had heard the wild woods call;

And the various moods they can never define,

But they loved one and them all:

So a-camping they go, Lake Madge to see,

The love of the wild was their only plea.

O, the open road in the summer time,

The hills, and the trees, and the nights sublime.

In the still night 'neath a starry sky,

Held close in a dreamless sleep,

From out of the depths comes a haunting cry.

And ther shivers quickly creep

Mysterious cry in the silent night

Like a human cry in an awful plight.

He covers his head like a frightened bird.

'Twas the long, weird cry of a loon he heard.

And again he takes to his beauty sleep

List! List! 'tis a scratching sound

With chattering teeth, and a club he'll seek

Who dares come aprowling 'round.

If it should be a bear, how brave he'd be;

He would fool the beast, for he'd climb a tree:

'Twas but a squirrel seeking something sweet,

So he hied him back to a safe retreat.

Good night! Wild life, once more he beckons sleep,

And hoped they would keep their sphere,

While the whispering pines stood guard to keep

And laughed at his needless fear.

Like some strolling vagrant along the way

He peacefully slept til the break of day.

When the sun's bright rays cast their golden gleam,

The horrors of night were a lovely dream.

Then he sought a boat with an oar or two

On an island fair he'd roam,

For he knew a spot where the boggies grew

And he longed to go alone.

'Twas a rocky road and the way was hard

So he hummed the song of an old Scotch Bard.

O, that island road—It was hard to beat,
 Its boulders, and rocks, and the berries sweet.
 Never were the berries as large or the same
 As they that our hero found.
 Still he grieves their loss, but we know his fame
 As a jumping deer goes round.
 For a falling tree on an island fair
 Had frightened him so, it whitened his hair.
 But the tracks he made on that fateful day
 Were over Lake Madge, where the campers stay.
 This story he told when he reached the camp
 "A monster from Afric's wild,
 Of the crash of a tree, and the mighty tramp
 Of an elephant that's riled.
 And I left the berries and pail behind,
 Disputing possession was not in my mind."
 'Twas but a falling tree, whose trunk was dead
 And the fright; O, it nearly turned his head.
 Now prizes are offered in money you see,
 For views of an island where elephants be.

The Beauty Of Life

O love, when that sweet blissful hour shall come
 When I can fold thee to my heart, my own,
 Life's sweetest Pearls I'll give to thee.
 And pray that thou wilt faithful be.
 Sweetheart, 'tis now that life's springtime is here;
 Impending sorrow, we know not, nor fear,
 But hand in hand through life, we'll go,
 With ne'er one thought of winter's snow.
 When skies grow cold, that to us now are fair
 And time weaves silver threads thro' out thy hair,
 Thy love will always be my guide,
 My heart in thine, for aye abide.
 When thy elastic step has grown more slow
 And time, its furrows on thy brow bestow,
 Dear Heart, for thee, I'll live alone;
 To me, Life's beauty you have shown.
 And deep down in this heart of mine,
 I'll worship ever at thy shrine.

News From Mrs. Vance's Store, For The Children

On a Friday night not long ago
Old Santa, arrived mid sleet and snow
His airship hovered about the town,
While Santa in fur was gazing down,
At length he espied the Fancy Store.
"Ho! the very place I'm looking for."

They lowered the ship on to Main street,
While all good children were fast asleep;
Stepping so briskly up to the store
Pulled out his keys and opened the door,
And wondering what the noise could be,
I looked in the store and what should I see.

There stood Santa so jolly and fat,
Blinking his eyes, he lifted his hat.
Lifted his hat with the old time grace
A smile was beaming on his dear face.
"A Merry Christmas," he said to me,
And he was as merry as man could be.

I stood and gazed, then rubbed my eyes,
"Santa", said I, "this IS a surprise."
"Just a trip ahead of time, you see,
Some stores I want well stocked," said he.
So he left the finest lot of toys
For all good girlies and all good boys.

There's swinging monkeys—dancing dolls,
Walking Teddies and books and balls,
The Judge, who lays down the law to man,
And talking dollies so spick and span.
There's rubber babies, some rattles too,
Dollies that sleep and have eyes of blue.

Teddy rides gaily on horseback, so
With his tin trumpet to war he'll go
Breaking each old time record for speed,
These, the bravest of Teddies indeed;
Esquimaux dollies. These are quite new,
They come in amber, pink, white and blue.

Some red capped monkeys cunning and wise,
Just wind his arms, then you he'll surprise.

Quickly turns summer saults on the floor.
Never was smarter monkey before.

A negro that plays on his old banjo
Winding the box the music does flow,

Music that beats the roller rink band,
"The best," said Santa, "in his North Land."

There also are gifts for the older folk,
And gifts for the men who love to smoke,
Mirrors and china and leather goods,
Sweetest of booties and babies hoods,

Things too numerous to mention here.
But all bespeak of the Xmas cheer.

So now I will close my little Rhyme
And wish all a "Merry Christmas time."

Wolves Of The Night

She erred in her judgment and that was all,
And the wolves of the night sent out their call,
Those demons of darkness and deepest sin,
She in her ignorance they gathered in.

The trap was sprung with the net complete,
Caught in the swirl of Satan's deceit,
They tighten the coils round unwary feet,
Like fangs of a monster from out the deep.

Unused to the world and its sinful way,
Thoughtless, but pure as the lilies that sway,
Cut in the fields, and the God giv'n air,
Till blighted by frost, and demons that snare.

She was some Mother's baby in days gone by,
Some Mother rocked her and sang lullaby,
Some Mother loved her and prayed for the day,
Some Mother's wearing her poor heart away.

O stand ye not idle, Souls are in need,
Go help break the fetters of lust and of greed,
Faith without works is dead, and we know
If both work together, rich blessings will flow.

A Cottage Song

We lingered by "Killarney"
And dreamed of "Kentish Kot"
With "Balmy Days" at "Deer Lodge"
We heard them "Lafalot"
Then on to "Sleepy Hollow"
Not far from "Palace Inn"
O, "Flandria", my darling,
Come tell us where you've been?

At "Dampfwekair", Benito,
We stood in shocked surprise
And then "Dunworkin" came along
And "Kosey Korner" sighs.
So "As-You-Like-It" "Suits Us"
With "Heart's Ease" running high.
At "Lake View" view the lake view,
And watch the white caps fly.

"Americanuck" and "Angle In"
Called at the "Robber's Roost"
For permission to take "Fair View"
And give Lake Madge a boost.
"Takiteze" said, O, quite so,
Maybe "Unceadares"?
If so you'll find accomodate
Down at the old "Crow's Nest."

At "Tobique Lodge" the folks were home,
Cory and quaint their room.
"Forest Villa" closed, some said,
"Cause of a hottreymoon.
"Omygosh" at "Vimy's Rest"
We heard a lady sneeze;
She ran around the corner
From Madge's saucy breeze.

The wild, wild waves were saying,
"Fair Lady" "Takarest",
But "Imalone" she answered
And favoured not their jest.
Then "Madge the Second's" motor
Came chugging 'long the beach

To bear us 'cross the water
Far from old Toba's reach.

'Way away to the "Kitchenette"
Kettle of fish to fry;
Hustled into the frying pan.
And finished off with pie.
O, folks listen, from 'cross the way
Sounds of music sweet;
"Johnny's Pavilion" opened,
List to the dancing-feet.

To "Quinte Camp" we hastened,
Near "Novashaunoff" rests
Alone in Rocky splendour;
She's dolled up in her best.

Alone

Sleeping on the hillside,
Calm and at rest,
Grim death the harvest reaps,
God must know best,
Held in the chilly clasp,
Of earth's damp breast.

Yet we must turn aside,
Leave thee alone,
Alone on the hillside,
Thy spirit flown,
Words whispered at thy grave,
By night winds blown.

Breathe thro' the bitterness,
"Thy will be done,"
Lone left to struggle on,
Till setting sun.
Heartaches are many here,
E're battle's won.

Silently they left him,
As sunset fell,
Sleeping the quiet sleep,
Toll'd the night bell,
Bitter the awful grief,
No words can tell.

Pictures Of The Past

(To my old friend, Mrs. Annie Fullerton)

The pictures of the past, my dear,
They seem to ever linger near;
To keep me on my way
And oft they seem to cloud the day,
Tho' soft the rays fall by the way,
And whisper of the may.

The pictures of the past, dear heart,
Its struggles and its griefs a part,
Are woven 'mong the strands
And in and out where e're my feet
Have trod, I've found communion sweet
And leave them in His hands.

Tho' dreams of childhood I obtain,
I fain would wander back again;
Where childhoods feet have trod;
Where dreams and hopes were held so high,
Where sorrows blight once hid the sky,
And drew me near to God.

Dear pictures of the past they glow
And oft, Dear Heart, they fall below
Just what they might have been;
And oft, before my eyes a mist
That shows the trouble I have missed,
And on Him still I lean.

And then again I hear the call,
That comes, twixt billows rise and fall,
A guiding hand is near.
And here and there a rift or two,
With glints of sunshine breaking through,
That soothes my every fear.

And oft when fiercest clouds go by
Whose rugged edges pierce the sky,
Tremendous, driving on;
And ever to my eye they seem
Propelled by force, behind the scene
Until their work is done.

And when allotted work's complete
Peace follows up and paves so sweet
The grim, distorted path;
O' sharp the breath of clouds of doom
While works of love dispel the gloom;
'Tis but the aftermath.

The peace, sweet peace that comes at eve
While troubles sift as through a sieve
They fade and waste away,
With nothing left but waters calm,
As though 'twere spread with soothing balm
To hail the coming day.

Hope

When Hope has died I'll give up all my best,
For who would live with Hope not by their side
To comfort and to cheer—tho' worlds deride.
When toiling climbing to the mountain's crest
Hope keeps the living fever in my breast;
And oft my weariness she fain would chide;
Still begs me cling, and in my Fount confide.
The Summit reached; then thou art truly bless'd.

Tho' reaching mountain's crest by toilsome ways
I'll ne'er forget 'twas Hope that urged me on—
And Hope will stand beside me at the Dawn—
And beam upon my head her starlike rays.
Nor will I e'er forget those changeful days
When Hope and Fear in battle raged so long;
And Hope once more upon my forehead shone.
And Hope, because I need her, ever stays.

So Hope shall dwell and tread those paths of care,
To keep my feet from straying by the way.
When deepest gloom comes surging o'er my head,
Hope flashes thro' the gloom, her silv'ry ray,
And whispers, Softly whispers, "Shun Despair"
For none can conquer, till all fear has fled.

The Trials Of Life

A resting place in Thee, O God,
One day we hope to find;
There is no resting place on earth,
Where dwells the human kind,
'Tis ever thus and always been,
Here awful passions rise,
And some are crushed e'en as a worm,
But rise beyond the skies.

This life is but a testing place,
And patience we need here;
But O, our God, 'tis hard sometimes
To bear; but when we fear
And love the Holy One of God,
And hope with him to live,
We must forgive and let things pass
As rain-drops through a sieve.

When trusted friends against us rise,
They whom we once held dear,
We think o'er trials of One above
While with disciples here,
Betrayed by Judas by a kiss—
For thirty shekles sold;
Ah! yes, such people live to-day
On Mother Earth so old.

But then it is a test of faith
Sent by our God above;
He knows of all our weaknesses,
This God of merciful love,
When we through furnace fires pass
Untouched by scathing flame,
We pass in through the gates of pearl
Where angels praise His name.

Be glad you suffered for His sake;
For you He suffered more
Than human tongue or words can tell,
And opened wide the door.
And when our Master says "well done,
Come thou and be at rest,"
We gladly drop the cares of life
And say, "Thou knowest best."

His Mother's Prayer

He's just his mother's boy, you know,
The only boy on earth.
He's upright, and her right hand man,
He's brimming o'er with mirth.
He brings the wood, he sweeps the walk,
His sweet face beams with joy—
His cheery smile—O! he's worth while
This jolly Mother's boy.

And still he leans on Mother's arm
And Mother leans on him.
They have the habit, seems to me
It keeps them both in trim.
It's "Mother this" and "Mother that"
And "Mother don't you know?"
She watches him with loving eye,
In love she sees him grow.

And when he says his little prayer
And kisses her goodnight;
He winds his dear arms round her neck
And hugs her O, so tight.
And whispers, "Mother I love you
The whole big world you know."
She bows her head in thankfulness
That boy loves Mother so.

And as his eyelids softly close
His dear head on her arm,
She fancies him a baby still
With all his baby charm;
The darling hands, the tiny feet,
She wakens with a start.
Her boy's a babe no longer now,
In life must play his part.

Her head is bow'd in silent pray'r
"God's Angels guard my boy
O! keep him pure where o'er he be
Our hearts great love and joy;
God grant his feet may never stray
Where sinful paths may lie,
As day by day unfolds the Year
To Thy All-seeing eye."

The Switchers

We're switching, switching all the day long.
Merrily switching the time along.
Calling the Baker, the Butcher, the man,
Hustling along with his good milk can.
Calling the Doctor, Somebody's sick,
"Baby has swallowed a button, be quick."
Calling the Printer, who gives all the news,
A glance at his paper will drive off the blues.

Kindly informs who's receiving to-day,
Maybe we'll go, more likely we'll stay,
Calling the grocer who sells food so cheap,
Trustworthy he, O, he'll never cheat.
Calling the lumber yard, "piggy got out,"
Patch up the fence, no room for his snout.
Calling the coal man, Calling for time,
Maybe it's thirty-two minutes past nine.

Calling the depot, "number one four eight,"
"C. N. tell us, if the train is late?"
Thunderous the answer, "Train's on time,"
Puffing and panting, once it was nine,
Somebody called, absentminded so,
"Dearie it's you," but central said "no."
"Serry Central. Your pardon I seek?"
but she switched that number quick.

Somebody called for a baseball fan,
Somebody called for the big dentist man,
Somebody called, "what numbers you got?"
Maybe we'll say the wires grew hot.
Maybe he'll go way back and sit down,
No more he'll think this central a clown.
Somebody called, "my wife, she good bye,"
Sorry are we—and heave a big sigh.

Merrily, Merrily all the day long,
Sometimes it's sorrow, sometimes a song,
It may be Regina, It may be Chicag
Keep up the switching regardless of fog.

Answering, switching, same every day.
"Always a pleasure," Central will say.
"Line out of order — Broken, I say,
Maybe the lineman get busy to-day."

Maybe for this we'll all get our time,
'Cause, we have written this switching, young Rhyme.

Sunshine vs. Raindrops

Sunshine chasing raindrops,
See them flee away,
'Neath the old earth's surface
From the light of day,
Raindrops and bright sunshine
Never can agree,
Oft, I think in terror,
Do the rain drops flee.

Cloudlet, raindrop, cloudlet
Flitting o'er the sky
Hiding all the sunshine
From the human eye,
Falling then in torrents,
Mr. Sun's bright ray
Chases all the rain-drops
From the light of day.

So the game seems ever,
Catch me if you can,
Every atom helping
In the great world's plan,
So each little raindrop
And each sunny ray
Has allotted labor
Just as we today.

Raindrops and Sweet Sunshine
Now they will agree,
Coaxing up the flowers,
Just for you and me.
Soon their dainty blossoms,
Will be nodding heads,
For the Rain and Sunshine
Called them from their beds.

Leaves Of Memory.

September came in simple garb,
As modest as could be,
The trees were clad in softest green,
Delightful green to me.

But O, Jack Frost, he came along
And left some tinged with gold,
To others gave a reddish tint,
Gorgeous to behold.

Like Bards of old whose sweetest song
Finds echo in each heart,
We laugh with them, and sometimes weep,
And live the Poet's part.

And down the ages roll the songs
The merry songs of old,
To scatter Memory's fragrant leaves
When hands that penn'd are cold.

We bid farewell dear whisp'ring leaves,
Sweet beauty comes in death.
You stood the test of wind and storm,
To fall by frosty breath.

But, still I see your waving green
Tho stark your branches grown,
From memory I'll oft recall
And keep you for my own.

I'll keep green leaves on memory's wall
When snow falls thick and fast,
From white to green, from green to white,
Nor grieve for what is past.

For oft each little twig and branch
In dazzling beauty stand,
Sweet mystery of silent night
And nature's ample hand.

For every twig so gleaming white
Not long ago was green,
And nature called her fairy folk
And diamond like you gleam.

Ode To Spring

SPRING we love to greet you,

Merging from your bed.

Come from 'neath your blankets,

Blue skies overhead;

Rivulets are dancing,

Rushing everywhere;

'Tis a time of gladness

Spring is in the air.

Spring is drawing nearer,

List, the Robin's song.

Spring comes tripping lightly,

Bearing us along,

On the wings of summer

Swiftly, hie away,

Scarcely get acquainted

When "Adieu" you say.

Hear the children singing,

Joyous trip along;

Joining in with nature,

Merry is the throng.

When the summer beckons

~~Spring must flee away;~~

Summer flowers will send you

Greetings on your way.

So the spring will leave us

Softly gliding through.

Fairy winds of summer,

Skies of softest blue,

Cooling winds of Autumn,

Summer winds beguile

Joyous Spring, we greet you,

Stay with us awhile.

Little Bare Feet

The laws of love—Are you holding them high?
When you know of want and suffering nigh,
There are tiny hands that are raised to you
With the sweetest pleading in eyes of blue,
That are filled with wonder and ask you "Why?
Just why do the comforts go gliding by?"
And the world's so full of its grief and woe.
There are wandering toils with nowhere to go.

O! Open the doors, in the Master's name,
For one of the least the Master came.
Poor little hearts who have no one to care.
You, with your wealth! O, why shouldn't you share?
How oft 'neath a roof where the wild winds shriek
And howl! and whistle while rafters creak,
Their tiny forms shiver and crouch from cold
While the wolves are howling without, so bold.

O! Is this the life they were meant to live?
Fair wealth of the world! Will you stop and give?
Over the top. 'Tis for the children's sake,
Just give them a chance lest a wee heart break.
Way over the top. Keep the flag unfurled.
The Giver of Gifts, He gave to the World
His own bless'd Son, 'twas a gift of love,
In giving remember the God above.

O, wealth of the world, as you're passing by
List, list to the children's pitiful cry.
For the wolves of hunger and want and woe.
They're crushing the hearts of the wee ones so.
'Tis a sacred charge; why not hold it high?
The wolves are out and the winter is nigh.
The earth and its fulness are His, we are told.
The children, the Lambs that dwell in the fold:

And little bare feet no comfort they know.
Fair Wealth of the world, will you have it so?

Wishes

To those who so kindly remembered
The "switchers" who switch every day
The numbers who call for another
Tho' some times the folks are away.

Our thanks you will please to accept them
For kindest wishes and deeds.
From switchers who ever switch merrily,
Who still will respond to your needs.

When the New Year Bells ring so sweetly
And whisper the passing of time
And tho' in the office we're busy,
"Best Wishes" are switched in their chime.

To A Little Bird

Dear little bird, what is it that telleth thee
A storm is hov'ring near?
What aids thee cling to wildly swaying tree
And whispers not of fear?
Your little voice is hushed while Leaves Lament,
And, by the wild winds rush, the tree trunks bent
Whilst you, with folded wings can sit content.

Dear little bird, what bids thee seek thy nest
When danger lingers near?
What brings thee home when near the mountain's crest?
What whispers of the fear?
Those little wings that swiftly cleave the air,
Each wingful beat holds motherlove and care
Lest aught befall the nestlings sheltered there.

Dear little bird when you have sent your brood
From out thy tiny home,
The fluttering, tiny wings must they seek food
And go their way alone?

Ah, no! I hear you softly calling, "Tweet"
From 'mong the leaves you call to them and greet
Dear little bird, who tells thee what is meet?

Christmas Greetings--1925

O List! Again this Christmas Day
The Echo of the Angels Lay,
Of when the Angels came to earth
To tell the people of a birth.
In Bethlehem, within a shed,
Where loving cattle gently fed,
In Swaddling Clothes a Baby lay;
While far above, a starry ray
Led wise men on, who sought their King;
Their Gifts of Frankincense to bring.
Lo! Down the ages sweet and clear
The Echoing Song of Hosts We Hear.

The Kingdom Of Right

We are told there's a beautiful kingdom,
And the night it shall all pass away.
We are told there's a God full of mercy,
It is promised and coming some day:

And no sorrow shall darken the Kingdom,
Happy voices of children we'll hear,
The "Desire of the Nations" 'tis promised,
By the signs of the times, it is near.

We are told in that Beautiful Kingdom,
The oppressor and grief are no more,
What a day, when the mists all have lifted,
We will praise Him, but not as of yore.

But all hearts shall unite in their worship,
In the Kingdom we're longing to see,
When the desert shall bloom as a garden,
In the Kingdom we're promised 'twill be.

We are told in that Beautiful Kingdom,
That the Plough Share and Sword shall unite
That no more there'll be clashings of Nations,
They'll be merged in the Kingdom of Right.

The Call Of The West

Gateway to Europe, nature endorsing,
Helps blaze the trail that leads on to the sea;
Call of the West in might is resounding;
Keeper of Gates, O, swing open to me.

Spirit of Canada, why art thou slumbering?
List to the voices now calling to thee,
Voices of progress from woodland and valley;
Voices are calling from mountain and sea.

Voices from prairie land, deep as the ocean,
Embryo cities still waiting to be;
Voices of progress, O, list they are calling
Onward, not backward, O land of the Free.

Trails that are winding where buffalo once roaming,
And arrows once ruled in the glory of might;
Through fairest valley, by swift flowing river,
The Great West is calling; O, give of the right!

Spirit of Canada, why art thou slumbering?
Mighty the voices now calling to thee;
Heaven has blessed thee; O, give of your bounty
Wake from your slumber, O, harken and see.

My Irish Flower

My Irish flower is sleeping,
Tho' drops refreshing fall,
She closed each dainty petal,
And answers not the call.

My Irish flower when sunrays
Are calling to you sweet,
You'll open your dainty petals,
And every ray you greet.

But all the time the patter
Of the drops upon the pane,
My Irish flower never sees
The beauty of the rain.

The Price Of War

(In loving memory of Thomas F. Strain)

In the stillness of the night time
Death's grim Angel hovered near,
And the loved one, tired and weary,
Answered to the call "I'm here".
To the weary 'twas a signal
For a sweet and longed for rest,
Called to wait the resurrection
When we hear the trumpet blast.

Ready when his Country called him,
Saw the awful crime of war,
Saw the welter, and the bloodshed,
How a man of might can mar.
Saw the grief, and knew the heartaches,
Saw the stamp of tyrant's heel,
Broken hearts and shattered firesides,
Saw destructive fire and steel.

Saw the liquid fire to crush men.
What is WAR that this should be?
Surely not the Master's teaching,
Outrage on Humanity,
Mothers waiting still in sorrow,
Some, we know have seen their Dead,
Seen their torn and broken bodies,

MUST SUCH TEARS AGAIN BE SHED?

No! We pray to God in mercy,
We the Mothers of our men,
Must we rise to stop this bloodshed?
Say it SHALL NOT BE AGAIN!
To the Mothers of the Nations
Is it left for you to say,
If the babes your arms are holding
Shall be cannon food some day?

Peace, sweet peace, it came that morning
Gliding through the vale of tears,
Earth with all its sorrows fading
Robbing Death of gruesome fears.

War's great price is all too heavy
Broken hearts surround your bier
In the distance war dogs howling
Arms of mother earth are near.

Now he's sleeping in the churchyard
Where so oft in boyhood days
He had lingered with the comrades
Where the slanting sunset rays,
Linger, O so softly linger
Round the old familiar spot
And the Maples softly whisper
O'er our Soldier's lowly cot.

Love's Not Always Blind

O! oft mid leafy bowers,
Sweet flowers bloom unseen,
Are found there by some lovers,
Beside some quiet stream;
Their color and their beauty,
Enhanced by lover's mind.
Now, this is just to show you,
That love's not always blind.

And oft a'mid the roses,
Soliloquizing there,
Many a pair of lovers,
Have found some beauty rare;
So please do not discourage,
By saying love is blind,
For O! there's much in life here,
That naught but love can find.

Here too, full many a lover,
Beneath some starry sky,
And even in the darkness
He saw love in her eye;
You know some other body,
That love could never find.
I'm telling this to show you,
That love's not always blind.

Freedom

Calling so softly to tiniest rills;
Wild waters rushing adown from the hills;
Join the Assiniboine, eddies and trills,
The Ice King's great Kingdom is passing away,
And Freedom's the pass word in Waters to-day.

Swishing and swirling

Chaos and whirling

The Ice King and bondage is passing away.

No limit to speeding abandon is there,
The rushing of waters is filling the air,
For Freedom and Bondage are staging warfare.
Rising and leaping and casting up spray,
Ho ! Ho ! But the waters are wild in their way.

Slashing and dashing

Swishing and crashing

The Ice King and Bondage is passing away.

Great is the conflict, but the Victor is strong
Careering and leaping, and rushing along,
Let us interpret the Assiniboine song;
Frothing and leaping, it sings on its way
The Ice King and Bondage is passing away

Gently subsiding

Sweetly confiding

The Ice King and Bondage has now passed away.

A Problem

There was a maiden, good and true,
She loved her Homeland just as you;
And though Canadian pure and sweet,
The census-taker had her beat.

Grandam from England, Dad from France.

Grandam from Holland—sweet romance—

Grandsire from Ireland—spectres fade;

Please solve this problem. What's the maid?

Lost in Ancestors ! Help, please come !

A League of nations all in one.

Do solve this problem. What's the grade?

What IS her nation? What's the maid?

Bobbing The Baby's Hair

We took the baby down to-day
And we bobbed the darling's hair;
But strenuous objections came,
From out of that barber's chair.

And, O she sobbed as 'tho her heart
Had reached the point of breaking,
But, after—O, she looked so sweet
We thought she was so taking.

But then, she's only fourteen months,
The bob has made her sweeter,
Her pearly teeth, her dimpled cheeks,
I'll say you ne'er can beat her.

The tiny fingers miss the locks
Where oft they used to fumble,
And still, she wonders where they're gone,
She doesn't seem to tumble.

Hope

Hope can bind me to the future,
Hope can keep me on my way,
Hope can keep my heart unspotted
Keep it for the distant May.

Hope can keep my heart from aching,
Hope can lull the awful pains
Hope can whisper not for ever,
Some day you will meet again.

Hope the only star that keeps me,
When my heart grows sick with fear,
Hope, my star, still beckons onward,
Battling on, tho' days are drear.

Hope, I must, must keep thee ever,
At my side, nor let thee go,
Till I'm safely o'er the river,
Where the Holy waters flow.

The Beauty Seeker

Childish fingers were fashioning
A frame with the utmost care,
Up in a room where walls were white,
Where the walls were white and bare.

Something to soften the cold effect,
The seeker of Beauty sought,
Cardboard, shears, and a silken scarf
And the little sculptor wrought.

Cutting, sewing, 'til finally
'Twas finished and hung with care,
Framed the picture she loved so well,
She scanned with an artist's air,

Arms akimbo, and head held high;
From every angle she viewed,
The childish heart was satisfied,
'Tho the fashioning was crude.

Nobody thought, or even dreamed
That Beauty was hidden there;
That love in her soul was waking
Where the walls were cold and bare.

The future may hold the sequel,
It may hang on marble Hall
Mayhap a dream of her childhood
Shall brighten some castle wall.

Maybe it's one of Life's lessons,
A something, you may have spurned;
Maybe it held hidden Beauty,
Something, too late, you have learned.

Something you may be despising,
Beauty, you never could see.
Then Lo,—from out of the common
Comes Beauty for you and me.

The Palace And The Cottage

Within a shining palace
I saw a maiden fair,
And 'midst the costly grandeur
I saw the heart ache there.

I saw the glamour lifted,
— 'Twas but a gilded screen,
To keep a heart from aching
And seem to be serene.

And all that shining palace
She longed to leave behind,
The glitter and the splendour
That once enslaved her mind.

For in a little cottage
With twining vines so neat
She heard a voice acalling
With you dear life's complete.

From palace then to cottage
True love was bidden there,
The music of the singing birds
Each hour filled the air.

The budding flow'rs, the dewdrops,
Each tiny blade of grass,
The whole are bent on structure,
Symmetrical the mass.

The daily task no burden,
True love, had smoothed the way
And all the world seems smiling,
When love has won the day.

The palace and the cottage,
The two will never meet,
The one longs not for splendour,
But life that's pure and sweet.

But then, the shining palace
Is built upon the sands,
'Tis not so with the cottage,
For love cements the bands.

To A Bride

Dear Friend, may happiness be yours

Tho skies be blue or grey,

And may all things combine, Dear Heart,

To bless your wedding day.

And may the fates come swooping down,

Bestowing graces sweet

With wisdom of a Solomon,

To make your life complete.

May heart and soul combine, Dear Friend,

To keep your fireside bright

No petty thoughts to mar or blear

The individual sight.

Leaves

There are leaves that are green, and leaves that are grey,

Leaves that grow sodden and then blow away,

Leaves that seem steady, dependable, true,

Leaves that are tinted with soft shaded hue,

Leaves that are grey, and mottled with mauve,

Mottled as sometimes the blue sky above.

Leaves that are rubbery, leaves that are slim,

Leaves that have ever a scallopy trim,

Leaves that are spotted, and leaves that are plain,

Leaves that are welcome as each April rain.

Leaves that impress you, so dignified, rare,

Commanding attention, Personal care.

Leaves that are poisonous, leaving you sad,

Leaves that can brighten and make the heart glad,

Leaves that are wavey, and leaves that have spread,

Leaves that are weepy, and leaves that are red,

Leaves that are sensitive, leaves we can find

That really belong to the touch-me not kind.

Leaves of a wonderful satiny green,

Leaves that are useful in forming a screen,

Leaves that are billowy, sway with the breeze.

Leaves you are wonderful, wonderful leaves.

Transformation

A rose from 'mong grim ashes sprung—
A zepher came to waft along
The odor, sweet from roses bloom,
That sprang from 'neath the ashes gloom
And found response within a heart;
In harmony each played its part;
And from that heart there came a song
Of how the good o'ercame the wrong.

And from that song a heart once sad
Arose to heights,—and now is glad;
And from a harp a maiden held,
Sweet quav'ring notes that seemed to weld
The song the poet's heart had formed,
Till rose's odor seemed transformed.
Then to a beggar ling'ring there,
It seemed the essence of a prayer.

He knelt and gave his thanks to God,
And prayed for grace once more to trod,
Once more to walk the narrow way
That leads to peace at close of day.
Sweet harmony to teach mankind
That God is still the Mastermind!

The rubbish covered up the earth;
To human eye there seemed a dearth
Of any kind of loving thing;
Then Lo, from out the rubbish spring
The wondrous shoots—a seeming bond—
With raiment glorified they're donned.

A Message From Santa Claus

Santa left with me this message,
That he loves the children all;
On the ninth of this December
When he came on me to call.

An apology I offer,
Beg the children's pardon here,
Wrote you last-week's little letter
In an awful haste I fear.

Told me I must tell the children,
In his far off Northern home,
He has not a child to love him,
Seeks their love far o'er the foam.

He is such a dear old fellow
That I know you love him, too,
For he brings to you each Christmas
Presents wonderful to view.

Santa told me on his travels
That he met the very poor,
Hoping that you would remember,
Kindness some times helps to cure.

Little hearts are often breaking
For some one to love them true;
If you share what Santa brings you
It will sure return to you.

Santa in each child heart dwelling
Scatters kindness 'long the way;
As the Christmas-tide draws nearer
Dawns another Holy day.

Birthday of our Blessed Saviour,
King of Kings, to reign for aye.
Ring ye bells and tell the story
Of the Holy Christmas Day.

As I watched him board his airship
Then rise slowly in mid-air,
O'er the wires came this message,
"Tell the Children I was here."

A-Rowing On Madge Lake

O, gently dip your oars my lad,
No breakers here I see;
And—Madge's, pleasant waters call
And beckon as the sea.
So dip your oars more gently lad
And idly, drift along.
For in the distant I can hear
Soft notes of Evensong.

O, gently dip your oars my lad,
As sunbeams play and fall;
And 'long Lake Madge's shore I see
The graceful pines so tall.—
The whispering pines that tower high
Where verdant growth is rife,
The singing birds—cathedral bells
Resident with life.

The sunbeams kiss the rippling waves
And pearls, from paddle end,
That gather as you dip your oar,
Fall back and softly blend
And mingle—intermingle there:
So gently dip your oar
While sunset leaves a trailing haze
That spreads from shore to shore.

Somehow Or Other

Somehow or other, I thought I'd lost the fight;
Somehow or other, the day had turned to night.
Somehow or other, I heard a lilting song,
Sung by a Laddie, whose heart was very young.
Somehow or other, the sun peeped through a cloud,
Somehow or other, the Laddie sang more loud.
Somehow or other, the sunshine brighter grew;
Somehow or other, Well, I started singing too.

Redemptive Love

AH YES AND WHAT OF HER whose soul was seared
By craftiness of man, and Hell's deceit.
Yes, she, whose life once fair as lily bloom,
Degraded, lives behind grim walls and beats,
Unfettered hands against the iron bars,
So! Doubly Caged, but man inventions bare,
To scathing, scorching heat of public gaze
While victims crave the drug that brings despair.

PASS HER NOT BY, for once her soul was fair,
'Twas drugs and wine that trapped unwary feet
Which, man with sinister hand administers,
To brand her as a Woman of the Street;
And so she stands—behind the bars to-day,
A living sacrifice, 'tis woman's place
To help repair and hold the standard high,
And tell the lost of His Redeeming Grace.

O WOMANKIND, We pray, hold out the hand,
To help the fallen sister to reclaim
Her womanhood, and help forget the trail,
That led her on through halls of deepest shame;
Shall womanhood, still knowing, stand aside,
Since man have dared to blaze the trail and lead
To better things, Where love alone can heal?
Redemptive Love—The Master's Wondrous Creed.

And Children Starve To-Day

For inasmuch as ye have done

To one, the least of these,

This message still applies to you—

'Tis wafted on the breeze.

And preachers preach in pulpits grand

God's love each Sabbath day.

While mothers wail and children starve

Till death calls them away.

"Take all thou hast, give to the poor,"

This,—the Divine command.

For God's great plan must be fulfilled—

Why hesitating stand?

Or must you wait, as Thomas did,

Unbelieving, till he'd seen

Thet marks the nails left in His hands—

His doubt had stood between.

The modern church is not of Christ

If she can still withhold

The help the starving children beg—

Her birthright she has sold.

The love and form of earthly things

Must surely pass away,

And God has said, "For inasmuch,"—

And children starve to-day.

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